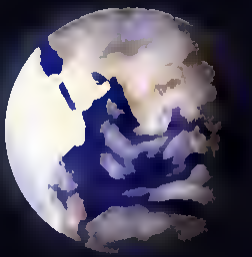
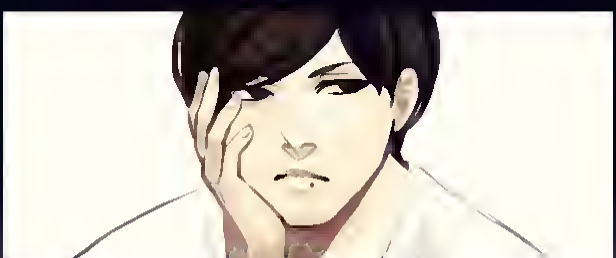
where
Tangents
meet

Despite the deep and vast universe we live in,



our world is shallow.



But to be more specific, let's talk about people.

People care about

money,

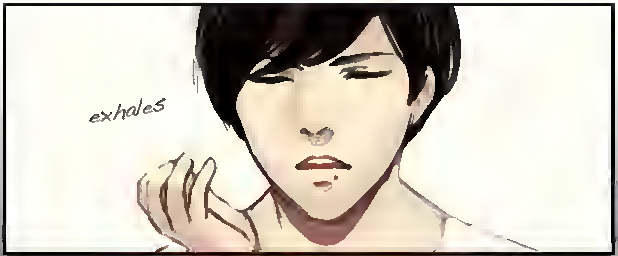
status,

looks,

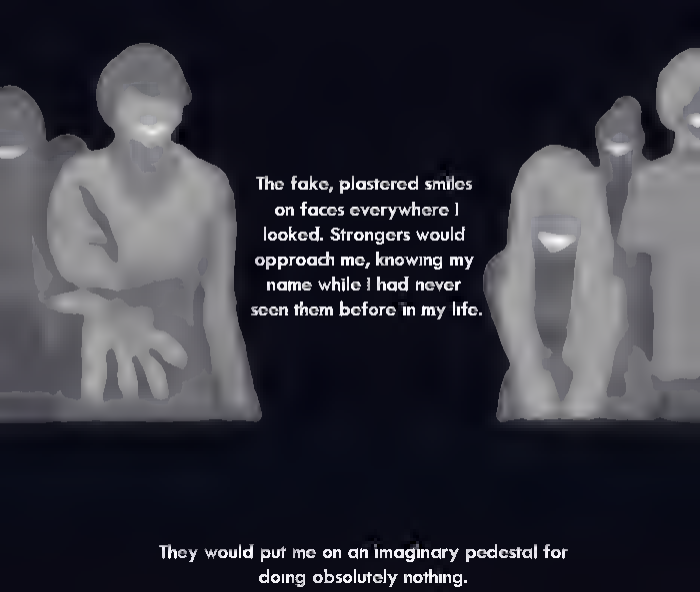
and fame...

This is the world I grew up in.

And as cynical as it sounds, it's the truth and I just learned to accept it.

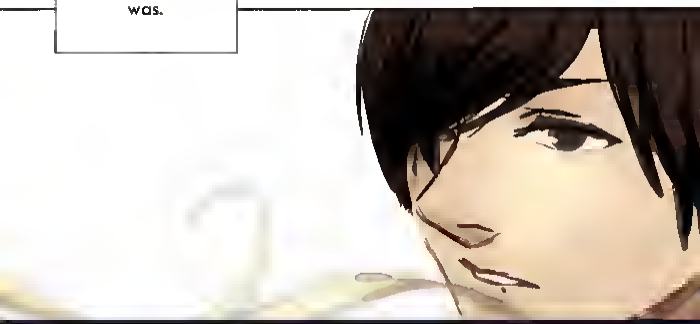

exhales

I was born right into the media of society. My mother was a famous super model in her younger days, even long before she had me.
Cameras, publicity, fashion trends, paparazzi... I had been exposed to it all since day one
It was pretty suffocating, actually.


The fake, plastered smiles on faces everywhere I looked. Strongers would approach me, knowing my name while I had never seen them before in my life.
They would put me on an imaginary pedestal for doing absolutely nothing.

I was bothered by the fact that I was treated sa differently far na apparent reason.
Ta me, it meant that people didn't like me for wha I was, but rather far wha they thought I

was.



But then...

There was
her

where Tangents meet

instantmiso

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